

1509/517

THE
REMONSTRANCE.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,
AN ODE TO MY ASS;

ALSO,
THE MAGPIE AND ROBIN,
A TALE;
AN APOLOGY FOR KINGS;
AND
AN ADDRESS TO MY PAMPHLET.

By PETER PINDAR, Esq.

Integer vita scelerisque parvus, &c. &c. Hor.

The MAN of dove-like Innocence a sample,
So sweet! so mild! *myself now*, for example,
Disdains of GOSSIP FAME the tittle tattle!
He begs no NEWS-PAPER to fight his battle—
Unmov'd, with equal eye on all he looks;
The LORD's ANOINTED, and his lousy COOKS.

I deem'd rude Clamour, in my days of youth,
The solemn voice of all-commanding TRUTH;
But now, no more creating awe and wonder;
Old empty hogheads, rumbling in a cart,
That make *some people* gape, and stare, and start,
As well may tell me, "*We're* the NOBLE THUNDER."

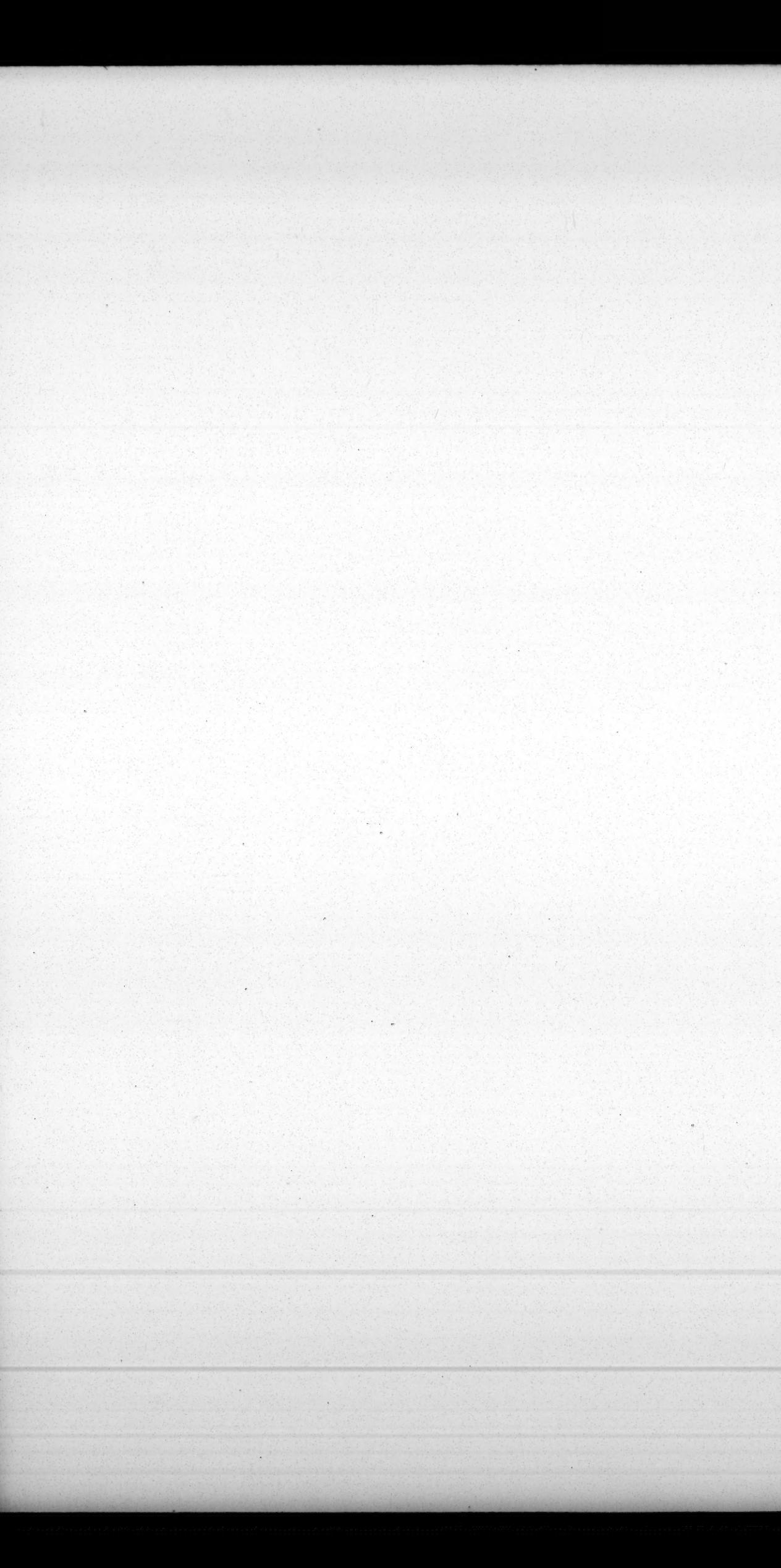
P. PINDAR.

D U B L I N:

Printed by William Porter,

FOR G. BURNETT, P. BYRNE, W. M'KENZIE, J. MOORE, J. JONES,
A. GRUEBER, W. JONES, G. DRAPER, R. WHITE,
M. O'LEARY, AND R. M'ALLISTER.

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T H E

REMONSTRANCE, &c.

O D E.

WIDE gapes the thoughtless mouth of moon-ey'd
WONDER,

Whilst "gun, drum, trumpet, blunderbuss, and thun-
der,"

With CALUMNY's dark hounds the BARD pursue :
" Bring on his marrow-bones th' Apostate down,
" The Turncoat is a flatt'rer of the Crown ;
" Burn all his verses, burn the Author too :"

Such is the sound of millions ! such the roar
Of billows booming on the rocky shore !
" How chang'd his note ! (they cry) now spinning rhimes
" In compliment to Monarchs of the times,
" Who lately felt no mercy from his rancour ;
" The star-bedizen'd sycophants of State,
" Blue-ribbon'd knaves have brib'd his pliant hate ;
" Behold him at St. James's snug at anchor."

A

Thus

Thus on my ears, so patient let me say,
 They pour their rough, rude peals of groundleſs cla-
 mour ;
 Battering, pell mell, upon my head away,
 Just like on anvils the ſmith's fledge and hammer !

Howe'er the world in ſcorn may shake its head,
 Nor knave nor fool thro' me ſhall current paſſ ;
 Too honest yet, I thank my stars, to ſpread
 The MUSE's silver o'er a lump of braſſ.

I own the voice of CENSURE, very proper ;
 Greatly reſembling a tobacco-ſtopper ;
 Confining all the ſeeds of fire ſo stout,
 And quick in growth, when left to run about :

But poſſibly I'am harden'd—yes, I fear
 Her frequent ſtokes have form'd a callous ear.

• There was a time when PETER ghost-like star'd
 When CENSURE thunder'd !—star'd with awe pro-
 found ;
 With ſighs, to deprecate her wrath, prepar'd ;
 So chill'd with horror at the ſolemn found !
 But harden'd, ſoon he gave his ague o'er ;
 Look'd up, and ſmil'd, and thought of her no more.

Thus when an earthquake bids JAMAICA tremble ;
 On Sunday all the folks to church assemble,
 To footh JEHOVAH, ſo devoutly ſtudying—
 Prostrate they vow to keep his holy laws :
 Returning home, they ſmitē their hungry crows,
 And scarce indulge them with a ſlice of pudding—
 Deeming, in earthquake-time, a dainty board,
 A sad abomination to the LORD !

Ere Sunday comes again, their hearts recover ;
 The tempeſt of their fears blown over,

Fled



Fled ev'ry terror of the burning lake,
 They think they have no bus'nesh now w^t church ;
 So, calmly leave th' ALMIGHTY in the lurch,
 And sin it—till he gives a *second* shake.

The Ladies too have join'd the gen'ral cry !
 What ! those *Divinities* in PETER's eye !
 Angels in *petticoats*!—it ill behoves 'em :
 What ! bite the constant STENTOR of their praise,
 Who robb'd the Muses of their *sweetest* lays,
 To tell the world how much he loves 'em !

The Bard, who vouches for their *harmless* souls,
 And like another CICERO persuades,
 The frenzy'd eye of admiration rolls—
 Ready to kneel and worship 'em—Oh jades !

LADIES and GENTLEMEN,
 Know, that I scorn a prostituted pen :
 No royal rotten wood, my verse veneers—
 O yield me, for a moment yield your ears.

Stubborn, and mean, and weak, nay fools indeed,
 Tho' Kings may be, we *must* support the breed.
 Yet join I issue with you—yes, 'tis granted,
 That thro' the world such royal folly rules,
 As bids us think thrones advertise for fools ;
 Yet is a King a utensil much wanted—

A screw, a nail, a bolt, to keep together
 The ship's old leaky sides in stormy weather ;
 With screw, or nail, or bolt, its work performs,
 Tho' downright ignorant of ships and storms.

I knuckle not—I owe not to the Great
 A thimble-full of obligation ;
 Nor luscious wife have I, their lips to treat,
 To lift me to PREFERMENT's sunny station ;

Like many a *Gentleman* whom Love promotes,
 Whose lofty front the ray of gold adorns ;
 Resembling certain most ingenious goats,
 That climp up precipices by their horns.

I'm not oblig'd (believe my honest word)
 To kiss—what shall I call't?—of my Lord :
 Not pepper-corn acknowledgment I owe 'em ;
 Nay, like the GOD of Truth, I scarcely know 'em.

By me unprais'd are Dukes and Ears :
 At such most commonly my satire snarls—
My pride like *theirs* the high-nos'd elves,
 Who love what's equal only to *themselves*.

As for Court virtues, wheresoe'er they lie,
 I leave them all to *Mister Laureate PYE*,
 The fashionable Bard, whom Courts revere ;
 Who trotteth, with a grave and goodly pace,
 Deep laden with his Sovereign, twice a year,
 Around Parnassus's old famous base :
 Not only proving his great King alive,
 But that, like docks, the royal virtues thrive.

But I'm not qualified to be a hack ;
 Too proud to carry lumber on my back :—
 Too dainty is my Lady Muse, I hope,
 Into a coal-shed to convert her shop ;
 Her shop indeed—a very handsome room,
 Fill'd with rich spices and Parnassian bloom.

Court Poets must create—on trifles rant—
 Make something out of nothing—Lord, I can't !
 Bards must bid virtues crowd on Kings in swarms,
 However from such company remote ;—
 Just as good-natur'd Heralds make up arms
 For Nabob-robbers born without a coat.

I'm a poor botching taylor for a Court,
 Low bred on liver, and what clowns call *mugget** :
 Besides, what greatly too my gains would hurt,
 I cannot few gold lace upon a drugged.

Say not I'm *turn'd* towards the SCEPTER'D GREAT :
 Talk not of Kings—I deem one half a cheat :
 Felt is their weakness—husks, mere husks of men !
 Yes, they create NOBILITY—I know it ;
 The veriest ideot of them all can do it,
 And on the falcon's perch can place the wren.

But can a King command th' æthereal flame,
 That clothes with immortality a name ?

Oh, could the RACE *that* fire æthereal catch !
 But no such privilege to Kings is giv'n :
 So very low their int'rest lies in Heav'n,
 They can't command enough to light a match.

No, Sirs, and therefore pray be civil ;
 I've not yet bargain'd with the Devil.

Yet grant me sold—I've precedents a store ;
 Besides, we Poets are confounded poor :

And, ah ! how hard to starve, to please MORALITY !
 For HUNGER, tho' a fav'rite of old SAINTS,
 Whose pinching virtue pious hist'ry paints,
 Is reckon'd now a FELLOW of bad quality :
 Not deem'd a Gentleman—can't shew his face,
 E'en when SAINT PETER's + children give the grace !
 A rosy sinner, LUXURY *yclept*,
 Long in his place hath eat, and drunk, and slept.

Yes, (as I've said) we Bards are mostly poor,
 Can scarcely drive gaunt Famine from the door !

* Part of the entrails of certain cattle.

+ Archbishops, Bishops, &c.

That

That Helicon's a hellish stream, God knows !
 Ah me ! most rarely it Paetolian flows :
 Tho' sharp as hawks, and hungry too, and thick,
 Few are the golden grains that POETS pick ;
 And yet each new advent'rer of the NINE,
 Thinks all Parnassus one mere golden mine.

All this by way of wild digression—
 And now for my political Confession.

Again, ye Crown-and-Anchor sinners,
 I reprobate your revolution-dinners.

NATURE at times makes wretched wares ;
 (Amongst the smiling corn like tares)

Men with such miserable souls !
 Nought pleases, from the moment of their birth ;
 With horror for a while they blot the earth,
 Then, crab-like, crawl into their burying-holes.

How like a dreary dull December DAY,
 That shows his muddy discontented head,
 Low'rs on the world awhile, then moves away
 In gloom and fullness to bed !

Have not our Revolution host a few
 Of souls of this same Æthiop hue ?

Permit me, Sirs, to tell ye, you are mad ;
 Your case, altho' not mortal, yet quite bad :
 An ugly inflammation of the brain.
 Although a dull physician, I could find
 Something to calm the hurry of the mind,
 And bring you back to common sense again—
 The stocks would do it, Gentlemen, or jails :
 A heavy nostrum—yet it rarely fails.

Lo,

Lo, DRUNKENNESS, a blust'ring, bullying blade,
 The cock'd-hat covering half one eye so brave,
 As though dread valour were his meat, his trade,
 Nature a driv'ler, and the world his slave :
 He rants, roars, prays, howls, fwears, on boldly goes,
 To seize sun, moon, and planets, by the nose ;

When lo, NIGHT's long-staff'd GUARDIAN to him steals,
 Squints with one eye to him, and then the other ;
 To pillow well his head, trips up his heels,
 And lays him on old Earth, our common mother—

Thence at the Round-house, in about an hour,
 Renews his poor debilitated pow'r
 Of comprehending, feeling, hearing, seeing—
 Yet is this WATCHMAN too a heavy BEING.

Keel up lies FRANCE !—long may she keep that posture !
 Her knav'ry, folly, on the rocks have tost her ;
 Behold the thousands that surround the wreck !
 Her cables parted, rudder gone,
 Split all her sails, her main-mast down,
 Choak'd all her pumps, broke in her deck ;
 Sport for the winds, the billows o'er her roll !
 Now am I glad of it with all my soul.

FRANCE lifts the busy sword of blood no more ;
 Lost to its giant grasp the wither'd hand :
 O say, what kingdom can her fate deplore,
 'The dark disturber of each happy land ?

To Britain an infidious damn'd Iago—
 Remember, Englishmen, old Cato's cry,
 And keep that patriot model in your eye—
 His constant cry, “ *Delenda est CARTHAGO.*”

FRANCE is *our* Carthage, that sworn foe to truth,
 Whose perfidy deserves th' eternal chain !
 And now she's down, our British bucks forsooth
 Would lift the stabbing strumpet up again.

Love I the French ?—By heav'ns 'tis no such matter !
 Who loves a Frenchman, wars with simple Nature.
 What Frenchman loves a Briton ?—None :
 Yet by the hand this enemy we take ;
 Yes, blund'ring Britons bosom up the snake,
 And feel themselves, too late indeed, undone.

The converse chaste of day, and eke of night,
 The kiss-clad moments of supreme delight,
 To LOVE's pure passion only due ;
 The seraph smile that soft-ey'd FRIENDSHIP wears,
 And SORROW's balm of sympathising tears,
 Those iron fellows never knew.

For this I hate them.—Art, all varnish'd art !
 This doth EXPERIENCE ev'ry moment prove :
 And hollow must to all things be the heart,
 That foe to beauty, which deceives in love.

Hear me, DAME NATURE, on those men of *cork*—
 Blush at a FRENCHMAN's *heart*, thy handywork ;
 A dunghill that luxuriant feeds
 The gaudy and the rankest weeds :
 Deception, grub-like, taints its very core,
 Like flies in carrion—pr'ythee, make no more.

Not but a neighb'ring nation to the French
 Have morals that emit a stronger stench,
 That Christian noses scarcely can withstand :
 The HEART a dungeon, hollow, dark, and foul,
 The dwelling of the toad, snake, bat, and owl,
 Demons, and all the grimly spectre band.

Mad fools!—And can we deem the French *profound*,
 And, pleas'd, their infant politics embrace,
 Who drag a noble pyramid to ground,
 Without one pebble to supply its place?

Yet are they follow'd, prais'd, admir'd, ador'd.
 Be with such praise, these ears no longer bor'd!
 This moment could I prove it to the nation all,
 That verily a FRENCHMAN is not rational.

Yes, FRENCHMEN, this is my unvarying creed,
 “ You are not rational indeed ;
 “ So low have fond conceit, and folly funk ye :
 “ Only a larger kind of monkey !”

“ What art thou writing now ?” the WORLD exclaims,
 “ Thou man of brass ?”

Good WORLD, no names, no names—I beg, no names—
 Writing?—an ode to my old fav'rite Ass.

Not making royal varnish—no !
 My Ass's virtues bid my numbers flow :
 PETER his name, my namesake, a good beast ;
 A servant to my family some years—
 To me is gratitude a turtle feast ;
 It is a virtue that my soul reveres ;
 And therefore I've been fabricating metre
 All in the praise of honest PETER.

O D E.

TO MY ASS, PETER.

O THOU, my solemn friend, of man despis'd,
 But not by *me* despis'd—respected long !
 To prove how much thy qualities are priz'd,
 Accept, old Fellow-traveller, a song.

My great great ANCESTOR, of Lyric fame,
 Immortal ! threw a glory round the *horse* ;
 Then, as I lit my candle at his flame,
 That candle shall illumine *thee* of course.

For why not thou, in works and virtue rich,
 In FAME's fair temple also boast a niche ?
 How many a genius, 'midst a vulgar pack,
 OBLIVION stuffs into her sooty sack,
 Calmly as Jew Old-clothes-men, in their bags,
 Mix some Great Man's lac'd coat with dirty rags ;
 Or satin petticoat of some sweet Maid,
 That o'er her beauties cast an envious shade !
 And what's the reas' on ?—Reas' on too apparent !
 Ah ! “ *quia vate sacro carent,* ”
 As Horace says, that bard divine,
 Whose wits so fortunately jump with mine.

Ah, PETER, I remember, oft, when tir'd,
 And most unpleasantly at times bemir'd,

Bold

Bold hast thou said, " I'll budge not one inch further ;
 " And now, young MASTER, you may kick or murther."
 Then have I cudgell'd thee—a fruitless matter !
 For 'twas in vain to kick, or flog, or chatter.

Though, BALAAM-like, I curs'd thee with a smack ;
 Sturdy thou dropp'dst thine ears upon thy back,
 And trotting retrograde, with wriggling tail,
 In vain did I thy running rump assail :

For lo, between thy legs thou putt'dst thine head,
 And gavest me a puddle for a bed.

Now this was fair—the action bore no guile :
 Thou duck'dst me not, like JUDAS, with a smile.

O were the manners of some Monarchs *such*,
 Who smile ev'n in the close insidious hour
 That kicks th' unguarded minion from his pow'r !
 But this is asking p'rhaps of Kings *too much*.

O PETER, little didst thou think, I ween,
 When I a schoolboy on thy back was seen,
 Riding thee oft, in attitude uncouth ;
 For bridle, an old garter in thy mouth,
 Jogging and whistling wild o'er hill and dale,
 On floes, or nuts, or strawb'ries, to regale—

I say, O PETER, little didst thou think,
 That *I*, thy namesake, in immortal ink
 Should dip my pen, and rise a *wond'rous Bard*,
 And gain such praise, SUBLIMITY's reward ;

But not the LAUREL—honour much too high ;
 Giv'n by the KING OF ISLES to *Mister PYE*,
 Who sings his Sov'REIGN's virtue twice a year,
 And therefore cannot chronicle SMALL BEER.

Yet simple as Montaigne, I'll tell thee true ;
 There are, who on my verses look *askew*,

And call my lyric lucubrations *stuff*;
 But I'm a *modest*, not *unconnyinge* elf,
 Or I could say *such things* about *myself*—
 But God forbid that I should puff!

Yet natural are *selfish* predilections!
 Like snakes they writhe about the heart's affections,
 And sometimes too infuse a poisonous spirit;
 Producing, as by nat'ralists I'm told,
 Torpid insensibility, so cold
 To ev'ry Brother's rising merit..

WITS to each other just like loadstones act,
 That do not *always* like firm friends attract;
 Though of the same rare nature, (strange to tell!)
 The little harden'd rogues as oft repel.

But lo, of *thee* I'll speak, my long-eard friend!
 Great were the wonders of thy heels of yore;
 Victorious, for lac'd hats didst thou contend;
 And ribbons grac'd thy ears—a gaudy store.

Buff breeches too have crown'd a proud proud day,
 Not *thou*, but which thy *rider* wore away;
 Triumphant strutting through the world he strode,
 Great soul! deserving an Olympic Ode.

Thy bravery often did I much approve;
 Rais'd by that Queen of Passions, LOVE.
 Whene'er in LOVE's delicious frenzy crost
 By long-eard brothers, lo, wert thou a *hoft*!
 LOVE did thy lion-heart with courage steel!
 Quicker than that of VESTRIS mov'd thy heel:
 Here, there, up, down, in, out, how thou didst smite!
 And then no Alderman could match thy bite!

And is thy race no more rever'd?
 Indeed 'tis greatly to be fear'd!

Yet

Yet shalt THOU flourish in immortal song,
To me if immortality belong ;
For stranger things than *this* have come to pass—

POSTERITY thine hist'ry shall devour,
And read with pleasure *how*, when vernal show'r
In gay profusion rais'd the dewy grass,
I led thee forth, thine appetite to please,
And mid the verdure saw thee up to knees !

How, oft I pluck'd the tender blade ;
And, happy, *how* thou cam'st at my command,
And wantoning around, as though afraid,
With poking neck didst pull it from my hand,
Then scamper, kicking, frolicksome, away,
With such a fascinating bray !

Where oft I paid thee visits, and where thou
Didst cock with happiness thy kingly ears,
And grin so 'witchingly, I can't tell how,
And dart at me such friendly leers ;

With such a smiling head, and laughing tail ;
And when I mov'd, *how*, griev'd thou seem'dst to say,
“ Dear MASTER, let your humble Ass prevail ;
“ Pray, MASTER, do not go away”—
And *how* (for what than friendship can be sweeter ?)
I gave thee grass again, O pleasant PETER.

And *how*, when WINTER bade the herbage die,
And Nature mourn'd beneath the stormy sky ;
When waving trees, surcharg'd with chilling rain,
Dropp'd seeming tears upon the haras'd plain,
I gave thee a good stable, warm as wool,
With oats to grind, and hay to pull :
Thus, whilst *abroad* DECEMBER rul'd the day,
How PLENTY shew'd *within*, the blooming MAY !

And

And lo, to future times it shall be known,
How, twice a day, to comb and rub thee down,

And be thy bed-maker at night,
 Thy Groom attended, both with hay and oat,
 By which thy back could boast a handsome coat,

And laugh at many a fine Court Lord and Knight,
 Whose strutting coats belong p'rhaps to the Tailor,
 And probably their bodies to the Jailer !

What though no dimples thou hast got ;
 Black sparkling eyes (the fashion) are thy lot,

And oft a 'witching smile and cheerful laugh ;
 And then thy *cleanliness* !—'tis strange to utter !
 Like sin, thy heels avoid a pool, or gutter ;

And then the stream so *daintily* dost quaff !
 Unlike a country Alderman, who blows,
 And in the mug baptizeth mouth and nose !

What though I've heard some voices sweeter ;
 Yet exquisite thy hearing, gentle PETER !
 Whether a judge of music, I don't know—

If so,
 Thou hast th' advantage got of many a score
 That enter at the Opera door.
 Some people think thy tones are *rather* coarse ;
 Ev'n love-sick tones, address'd to Lady Asses—
 Octaves indeed of wond'rous force ;
 And yet thy voice full many a voice surpasses.

LORD CARDIGAN, if rightly I divine,
 Would very gladly give *his* voice for *thine* :

And LADY * MOUNT, her MAJESTY's fine foil,
 For whom perfumers, barbers, vainly toil,

* Her M——y is always happy to have LADY MOUNT E—— by her side, as being one of the ugliest women in England—in short, his LORDSHIP in *petticoats*.

Poor Lady ! who has quarrell'd with the Graces,
Would very willingly change *faces*.

How honour'd once wert thou ! but ah, no more !
Thus too *despis'd* the Bards—*esteem'd* of yore !
How rated once, the tuneful TRIBES of Greece !
Deem'd much like di'monds—thousands worth apiece !

How great was PINDAR's glory !—On a day,
Entering APOLLO's church, to pray,
The LADY of the sacred fane, or *Mistress*,
Or, in more classic term, the PRIESTESS,
Address'd him with ineffable delight—

“ GREAT SIR, (quoth she) in pigs, and sheep, and
“ calves,

“ Master *insists upon't* that you go halves :
“ To beef his Godship also gives you right.”

Thus did the Twain most hearty dinners make ;
PINDAR and PHOEBUS eating steak and steak :
When too (PAUSANIAS says), to please the GOD—
Between each mouthful, PINDAR sung an ODE !

Thus half a Deity was this great POET !

Now this was grand in PHOEBUS—vastly civil—
How chang'd are things ! the present moments show it ;
For *Bard* is now synonymous with *Devil* !

Just to three hundred years ago, I speak—
How *simple scholarship* was wont to rule !
A man like DOCTOR PARR, that *mouth'd* but *Greek*,
Was almost worshipp'd by the SAGE and FOOL ;
Deem'd by the world indeed a first-rate star.
How diff'rent now the fate of DOCTOR PARR !

Unknown he walks !—his name no infants lisp—
Not only reckon'd not a first-rate star
Is this our Greek man, DOCTOR PARR,
But, Gods ! not equal to a Will-o'-wisps !

Plague on't! how niggardly the trump of Fame,
 That wakes not * *Bellendenus* on the shelf!
 The world so still, too, on the DOCTOR's name,
 The man is really forc'd to praise *himself!*

“ Archbishops, Bishops,” (so says DOCTOR PARR)
 “ By *Alpha, Beta, merely*, have been made;
 “ Why from the mitre then am *I* so far;
 “ So long a dray-horse in this thundering trade?
 “ O PITT, shame on thee!—art thou *still* to seek
 “ The soul of wisdom in the *sound of Greek?*”

PETER, suppose we make a bit of style,
 And rest ourselves a little while?

* The Preface of *Bellendenus* was a *soup d'effai* of the Doctor's for a Bishoprick—it was the child of his *dotage*. The pap of Party supported it some little time; when, after several struggles to remain amongst us, it paid the last debt of nature.

IN CONTINUATION.

THUS endeth DOCTOR PARR ; and now again,
To thee, as *good* a subject, flows the strain.
Permit me, PETER, in my lyric canter,
Just to speak Latin—“*tempora mutantur !*”

Kings did not scorn to press your backs of *yore* ;
But now, with humbled neck and patient face,
Tied to a thievish miiler’s dusty door,
I mark thy fall’n and disregarded race.

To chimney-sweepers now a common hack ;
Now with a brace of sand-bags on your back !
No gorgeous saddles yours—no iv’ry cribs ;
No silken girts surround your ribs ;

No ROYAL hands your cheeks with pleasure pat ;
Cheeks by a roguish halter prest—
Your ears and rump, of insolence the jest ;
Dragg’d, kick’d, and pummell’d, by a beggar’s brat.

Thus, as I’ve said, your race is much degraded !
And much too is the POET’s glory faded !

A time there was, when Kings of this fair LAND,
So meek, would *creep* to POETS, cap in hand,
Begging, as ’twere for alms, a grain of fame,
To sweeten a poor putrifying name—
But past are those rich hours ! ah, hours of *yore* !
Those golden sands of Time shall glide no more.

Yet are we not in *thy discarded* state,
Whate’er may be the *future* will of FATE ;
Since, as we find by PYE, (what still must pride us)
Kings twice a year can condescend to *ride us*.

A N

A F T E R - R E F L E C T I O N .

NOW, WORLD, thou seest the stuff of which I'm
made;

Firm to the honour of the *tuneful Trade*;
Leaving, with high contempt, the Courtier class,
To sing the merits of the humble Ass.

Yet should a miracle the PALACE mend,
And high-nos'd SAL'SB'Ry to the VIRTUES send,
Commanding them to come and chat with KINGS;
Well pleas'd *repentant* Sinners to support,
So help me, IMPUDENCE, I'll go to Court!
Besides, I ~~dearly~~ love to see *strange things*.

P R O È M I U M.

TO THE

MAGPIE AND ROBIN RED-BREAST.

HOW varied are our tastes! DAME NATURE's plan,
All for *wise* reasons, since the world began:

Yes, yes, the good old LADY acted right:
Had things been *otherwise*, like wolves and bears,
We all had fall'n together by the ears—

One object had produc'd an endless fight.

Nettles had strew'd LIFE's path instead of *roses*;
And multitudes of mortal faces,
Printed with histories of bloody noses,
Had taken leave of absence of the GRACES.

Now interrupting not each other's line,
You ride *your* hobby-horse, and *I* ride *mine*—
You press the blue-ey'd CHLOE to your arms,
And *I* the black-ey'd SAPPHO's browner charms:
Thus situated in our different blisses,
We squint not envious on each other's kisses.

Yet are there some exceptions to this rule:
We meet with now and then a stubborn fool,
Dragooning us into his predilections;
As though there was no *diff'rence* in affections,

And that it was the Booby's firm belief,
Pork cannot please, because *he doats on beef!*
 Again—how weak the ways of *some*, and sad !
 One would suppose the Man-creation mad.

Lo ! this poor fellow, folly-drunk, he rambles,
 And flings himself into MISFORTUNE's brambles,
 In full pursuit of HAPPINESS's treasure ;
 When, with a little glance of circumspection,
 A mustard grain of sense—a *child's* reflection—
 'The fool had cours'd the velvet lawn of PLEASURE,

Idly he braves the surge, and roaring gale ;
 When REASON, if consulted, with a smile,
 Had tow'd through summer seas his silken *sail*,
 And fav'd a dangerous and Herculean toil.

es, as I've somewhere said above, I find,
 That many a man has many a mind.

How I hate DRUNKENNESS, a nasty pig !
 With snuff-stain'd neckcloth, without hat or wig,
 Reeling, and belching wisdom in one's face !
 How I hate BULLY UPROAR from my soul,
 Whom nought but whips and prisons can controul,
 Those necessary implements of GRACE !

Yet altars rise to DRUNKENNESS and RIOT—
 How few to mild SOBRIETY and QUIET !

Thou art my Goddes, SOLITUDE—to thee,
 Parent of dove-ey'd PEACE, I bend the knee !
 O with what joy I roam thy calm retreat,
 Whence soars the lark amid the radiant hour,
 Where many a varied chaste and fragrant flow'r
 Turns coyly from Rogue ZEPHYR's whisper sweet !

Blest IMP! who wantons o'er thy wide domain,
 And kisses all the BEAUTIES of the plain:

 Where, happy, mid the all-enlivening ray,
 The insect nations spend the busy day,
 Wing the pure fields of air, and crawl the ground;
 Where, idle none, the Jew-like myriads range,
 Just like the Hebrews at high 'Change,
 Diffusing hum of Babel-notes around!

 Where HEALTH so wild and gay, with bosom bare,
 And rosy cheek, keen eye, and flowing hair,
 Trips with a smile the breezy scenes along,
 And pours the spirit of content in song!

 Thus tastes are various, as I've said before—
These damn most cordially, what those adore,

T H E

MAGPIE AND ROBIN RED-BREAST:

A T A L E.

A MAGPIE, in the spirit of romance,
 Much like the fam'd Reformers now of FRANCE,
 Flew from the dwelling of an old POISSARDE ;
 Where, sometimes *in* his cage, and sometimes *out*,
 He justified the Revolution rout,
 That is, call'd names, and got a sop for his reward.
 Red-hot with Monarch-roasting coals,
 Just like his old fish-thund'ring Dame,
 He left the Queen of crabs, and plaice, and soles,
 To kindle in Old England's realm a flame.
 Arriv'd at evening's philosophic hour,
 He rested on a rural antique tow'r,
 Some BARON's castle in the days of old ;
 When furious wars, misnomer'd civil,
 Sent mighty chiefs to see the Devil,
 Leaving behind, their bodies for rich mould,
 That pliable from form to form patroles,
 Making fresh houses for new souls.
 Perch'd on the wall, he cocks his tail and eye,
 And hops like modern beaux in country dances ;
 Looks dev'lish knowing, with his head awry,
 Squinting with connoisseurship glances.

All

All on a sudden, MAGGOT starts and stares,
 And wonders, and for somewhat *strange* prepares ;
 But lo, his wonder did not hold him long—
 Soft from a bush below, divinely clear,
 A modest warble melted on his ear,
 A plaintive, soothing, solitary song—
 A stealing, timid, unpresuming sound,
 Afraid dim NATURE's deep repose to wound ;
 That hush'd (a death-like pause) the rude SUBLIME,
 This was a novelty to MAG indeed,
 Who, pulling up his spindle-shanks with speed,
 Dropped from his turret, half-devour'd by TIME,
A la Françoise, upon the spray
 Where a lone Red-breast pour'd to eve, his lay.
 Staring the modest minstrel in the face ;
 Familiar, and with arch grimace,
 He conn'd the dusky warbler o'er and o'er,
 As though he knew him years before ;
 And thus began, with seeming great civility,
 All in the Paris ease of volubility—
 “ What—BOBBY ! dam’mee, is it *you*,
 “ That thus your pretty phiz to music screw,
 “ So far from hamlet, village, town, and city,
 “ To glad old battlements with dull psalm ditty ?
 “ S’deth ! what a pleasant, lively, merry scene !
 “ Plenty of bats, and owls, and ghosts, I ween ;
 “ Rare midnight screeches, BOB, between you all :
 “ Why, what’s the name on’t, BOBBY ? dismal Hall ?
 “ Come, to be serious—curse this queer old spot,
 “ And let thy owlish habitation rot !
 “ Join *me*, and soon in riot will we revel :
 “ I’ll teach thee how to curse, and calls folk names,
 “ And be expert in treason, murder, flames,
 “ And most divinely play the devil.

“ Yes,

“ Yes, thou shalt leave this spectred hole,

“ And prove thou hast a bit of soul :

“ Soon shalt thou see old stupid LONDON *dance* !

“ There will we shine immortal knaves ;

“ Not steal unknown, like cuckoos, to our *graves*,

“ But imitate the geniuses of FRANCE.

“ Who'd be that monkish, cloister'd thing, a muscle ?

“ Importance only can arise from bustle !

“ Tornado, thunder, lightning, tumult, strife ;

“ These *charm*, and add a *dignity* to life.

“ That thou shouldst choose this spot, is monstrous odd ;

“ Poh, poh ! thou canst not like this life, by G— !”

“ Sir !” like one thunder-stricken, staring wide—

“ Can you be serious, Sir ?” the ROBIN cried.

“ Serious !” rejoin’d the MAGPIE, “ aye, my boy—

“ So come, let’s play the devil, and enjoy.”

“ Flames ! quoth the ROBIN—“ and in riot revel,

“ Call names, and curse, *divinely* play the devil !

“ I cannot, for my life, the fun discern.”

“ No !—blush then, BOB, and follow me, and learn.”

“ Excuse me, Sir,” the modest HERMIT cried—

“ Hell’s not the hobby-horse I wish to ride.

“ Hell !” laugh’d the MAGPIE, “ hell no longer dread ;

“ Why, BOB, in FRANCE the Devil’s lately dead :

“ Damnation vulgar to a Frenchman’s hearing—

“ The word is only kept alive for swearing.

“ Against futurity they all protest ;

“ And GOD and Heav’n are grown a standing jest.

“ Brimstone and sin are downright out of fashion ;

“ FRANCE is quite alter’d—now a *thinking* nation :

“ No more of penitential tears and groans !

“ PHILOSOPHY has crack’d RELIGION’s bones.

" As for your *Saviour* of a wicked world,
 " Long from his consequence has *he* been hurl'd :
 " They *do* acknowledge such a man, d'ye see ;
 " But then they call him simple **MONSEUR CHRIST.**
 " Bob, for thy ignorance, pray blush for shame—
 " Behold, *thy* **DOCTOR PRIESTLEY** says *the same*.

 " Well ! now thou fully art *convinc'd*—let's go."
 " What cursed doctrine !" quoth the **ROBIN**, " No—
 " I won't go—no ! thy speeches make me shudder."
 " Poor **ROBIN** !" quoth the **MAGPIE**, " what a pudder !
 " Be damn'd then, **BOBBY**"—flying off, he rav'd—
 " And (quoth the **ROBIN**), Sir, may *you* be *sav'd*!"
 This said, the tuneful **Sprite** renew'd his lay ;
 A sweet and farewell hymn to parting **DAY**.

In **THOMAS PAINE** the **MAGPIE** doth appear :
 That I'm **POOR ROBIN**, is not *quite so clear*.

P O S T S C R I P T.

TO THE CANDID READER.

I REALLY think that this Tale of the MAGPIE and ROBIN ought *immediately* to have *followed* the REMONSTRANCE: but as *Diforder*, instead of *Order*, is the leading feature of my sublime LYRIC BRETHREN of old, I shall take the liberty of sheltering myself under the wing of *their sacred* names. The fable was written in consequence of a strenuous application of a red-hot REVOLUTIONIST to a POET in the country, pressing him to become a Member of the ORDER of CONFUSION.

APOLOGY FOR KINGS.

AS want of candour really is not right,
I own my Satire too inclin'd to *bite*:
On KINGS behold it *breakfast*, *dine* and *sup*—
Now shall she *praise*, and try to make it up.

Why will the simple world expect wise things
From lofty folk, particularly Kings?

Look on their poverty of education!
Ador'd and flatter'd, taught that they are GODS;
And by their awful frowns and nods,
Jove-like, to shake the pillars of creation!

They scorn that little useful IMP call'd MIND,
Who fits them for the circle of Mankind!
PRIDE their companion, and the WORLD their hate;
Immur'd, they doze in ignorance and state.

Sometimes, indeed, GREAT KINGS *will condescend*
A little with their *subjects* to *unbend*!

An instance take:—A KING of this great Land,
In days of yore, we *understand*,
Did visit SAL'SBURY's old church so fair:

An EARL of PEMBROKE was the MONARCH's guide;
Incog. they travell'd, shuffling side by side;
And into the Cathedral stole the PAIR.

The VERGER met them in his blue silk gown,
And humbly bow'd his neck with rev'rence down,

Low as an ass to lick a lock of hay :

Looking the frighten'd VERGER through and through,
All with his eye-glaſs—“ Well, Sir, who are *you*?
“ What, what, Sir?—hey, Sir?” deign'd the King to
ſay.

“ I am the VERGER here, moſt mighty * KING :
“ In this Cathedral I do *ev'ry* thing ;
“ Sweep it, an't please ye, Sir, and keep it clean.”
“ Hey? VERGER! VERGER!—you the VERGER?—
hey?”

“ Yes, please your glorious MAJESTY I *be*,”
The VERGER answer'd, with the mildeſt mien,

Then turn'd the KING about towards the PEER,
And wink'd, and laugh'd; then whisper'd in his ear,
“ Hey, hey—what, what—fine fellow, 'pon my word :
“ I'll knight him, knight him, knight him—hey, my
“ Lord?”

Then with his glaſs, as hard as eye could strain,
He kenn'd the trembling VERGER o'er again.

“ He's a poor *Verger*, SIRE,” his Lordſhip cry'd :
“ Sixpence would *handsomely* requite him.”
“ Poor Verger, Verger, hey?” the King reply'd:
“ No, no, then, we won't *knight* him—no, won't
“ *knight* him.

Now to the lofty roof the King did raise
His glaſs, and ſkipp'd it o'er with ſounds of praife ;
For thus his marv'ling MAJESTY did ſpeak :
“ Fine roof this, Master Verger, quite complete ;
“ High—high and lofty too, and clean and neat :
“ What, VERGER, what? *mop, mop* it once a week?”

† The Reader will be pleased to obſerve, that the VERGER, of all the ſons of the Church, was the *only* ONE entrusted with the ROYAL INTENTION!!!

“ An’t

“ An’t please your MAJESTY,” with marv’ling chops,
 The VERGER answer’d, “ we have got no mops
 “ In Sal’sb’ry that will reach so high.”
 “ Not *mop*, no, no, not *mop* it,” quoth the King—
 “ No, Sir, *our Sal’sb’ry mops* do no such thing ;
 “ They might as well pretend to scrub the *sky*.”

M O R A L.

This little anecdote doth plainly show
 That IGNORANCE, a King too often lurches ;
 For, hid from ART, Lord! how *should* MONARCHS know
 The nat’ral history of mops and churches ?

STORY THE SECOND.

FROM SAL’Sb’RY Church to WILTON House so grand,
 Return’d the mighty RULER of the land—

“ My Lord, you’ve got fine statues,” said the King.
 “ A few *beneath* your royal notice, Sir,”
 Replied LORD PEMBROKE—“ Stir, my Lord, stir, stir ;
 “ Let’s see them all, all, all, all, *ev’ry* thing.
 “ Who’s this ? who’s this ?—who’s this fine fellow
 here ?”
 “ SESOSTRIS,” bowing low, replied the PEER.
 “ SIR SOSTRIS, hey !—SIR SOSTRIS—’pon my word !
 “ KNIGHT or a BARONET, my Lord ?”
 “ One of my making ?—what, my Lord, *my making* ?”
 This, with a vengeance, was mistaking !

“ Sp-

" Se-sOSTRIS, SIRE," *so soft*, the Peer reply'd—
 " A famous KING of EGYPT, Sir, of old."
 " Poh, poh!" th' *instructed* MONARCH snappish cry'd,
 " I need not *that*—I need not *that* be told."

 " Pray, pray, my LORD, who's that big Fellow there?"
 " Tis HERCULES," replies the shrinking Peer.
 " Strong fellow, hey, my Lord? strong fellow, hey?
 " Clean'd stables!—crack'd a lion like a flea;
 " Kill'd snakes, great snakes, that in a cradle found
 " him—
 " The QUEEN, QUEEN's coming! wrap an *apron* round
 " him."

OUR Moral is not merely water-gruel—
 It shows that curiosity's a jewel!
 It shows with Kings that IGNORANCE may dwell:
 It shows that subjects must not give opinions
 To PEOPLE reigning over wide dominions,
 As *Information* to *great Folk* is hell:

 It shows that DECENCY may live with Kings,
 On whom the bold *Virtu-men* turn their backs;
 And shows (for num'rous are the naked things)
 That saucy Statues should be lodg'd in sacks.

ADDRESS TO MY BOOK.

A N E L E G Y.

CHILD of my love, go forth, and try thy fate:
 Few are thy friends, and manifold thy foes !
 Whether or long or short will be thy date,
 FUTURITY's dark volume only knows.

Much criticism, alas ! will be thy lot !
 Severe thine ordeal, I am sore afraid !
 Some judges will condemn, and others not :
 Some call thy form substantial—others, shade.

Yes, CHILD, by multitudes wilt thou be tried !
 Wise men, and fools, thy merits will examine :
Those, through much prudence, may thy virtues hide ;
These, through vile rancour, or the dread of famine.

Prov'd will it be indeed (to make thee shrink)
 What metal Nature in thy mass did knead :
 A † melting process will be us'd, I think—
 That is to say, large quantities of lead.

By some indeed will NITRE's fuming spirit
 Be o'er thy form so sweet, so tender, thrown ;
 Perchance a Master hand may try thy merit ;
 Perchance an Imp by FOLLY only known.

Now, now I fancy thee a timid Hare,
 Started for beagles, hounds, and curs, to chace !
 A mongrel dog may snap thee up unfair ;
 For SPITE and HUNGER have but little grace.

† Called *Eliquation*.

Long are thy legs (I know), and stout for running ;
 And many a trick hast thou within thy brain ;
 But guns and greyhounds are too much for *cunning*,
 Join'd to the *rav'nous pack* of THOMAS PAINÉ !

And now a LAMB !—What devils now-a-days
 The butch'ring SHOP of Criticism employs !
 Each beardless villain now cuts up, and flays !
 A gang of wanton, brutal, 'prentice boys !

Ah me ! how hard to reach the dome of FAME !
 Knock'd down before she gets half way, poor MUSE !
 For many a LOUT that cannot gain a name,
 (Rebus and Riddle-maker) now *reviews* !

Poor jealous Eunuchs in the land of TASTE,
 Too *weak* to reap a harvest of fair praise ;
 Malicious, lo, they lay the region waste ;
 Fire all they can, and triumph o'er the blaze !

Too oft, with talents blest, the cruel FEW
 Fix on poor MERIT's throat, to stop her breath :
 How like the beauteous ‡ FRUIT, that turns of Dew
 The life ambrosial, into drops of Death !

Sweet BABE, to WEYMOUTH shouldest thou find thy way !
 The KING, with curiosity so wild,
 May on a sudden send for thee, and say,
 “ See, CHARLY, PETER's child—fine child, fine child :
 “ Ring, ring for SCHWELLENBERG—ring, Charly, ring ;
 “ Show it to SCHWELLENBERG ; show it, show it,
 “ show it—
 “ She'll say, ‘ Got dem de saucy stoopid ting,
 ‘ I hate more worse as hell what come from Poet.’

‡ The mortifying powers of dew or rain falling from the Manchi-neal tree, are universally known.

Yet will some Courtiers all at once be glad!

LEEDS, HAWKS'RY, SAL'SB'RY, BRUDENELL, will rejoice;

Forget how oft thy Brothers made them mad,
And echo thro' the realm the royal voice.

And then for ME his MAJESTY may send;

(Making some people grumble in their gizzards)

With DRAKE's new place, perchance, thy SIRE befriend;

FIRST FLY-CATCHER to good QUEEN CHARLOTTE's
† Lizards!

† The story of the LIZARDS is as follows:—At a BOARD OF GREEN CLOTH lately, which assembled, as usual, with due *decorum*, to deliberate on the *species of food* proper to be given to the LIONS of BUCKINGHAM-HOUSE, the solemnity of the meeting was interrupted by the sudden Gothic irruption, and self-introduction, of a servant of SIR FRANCIS DRAKE, one of the *Honourable BOARD*; which servant, a true DEVONSHIRE DUMPLIN, opening an ell-wide pair of jaws, exclaimed thus: “ZUR VRANCIS, I'm a zent to ax if yow've a cort † enny † “more Vlees §—Have ye cort enny, ZUR VRANCIS?” The Baronet hemmed, winked, nodded, knitted his brows, stared, shrugged up his shoulders, blew his nose, bit his lips at poor NUMPS; but all the face-making hints were thrown away. “Why, ZUR VRANCIS, I zay, (con-“tinued NUMPS) MADAM ZWELLINBURG wanthe to know if yow've “a nabb'd enny more Vlees?” The BOARD stood amazed!—SIR FRANCIS blushed for the *first* time. At length, recovering from his confusion, and bidding the fellow, in an angry tone, go about his business, he very candidly informed the BOARD, that HER MAJESTY had lately received a present of Lizards; that she had ordered MISTRESS SCHWELLENBERG to catch flies for them; but that, to oblige MISTRESS SCHWELLENBERG, who kindly invited him to dine with her three or four times a week, he promised to assist her in her FLY-HUNT; in short, to be her *Deputy FLY-CATCHER*, and not *First FLY-CATCHER*, as the ELEGY erroneously proclaimeth.

† For caught.

‡ Any.

§ Flies.



